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THE
L I F E
AND SURPRISING
ATCHIEVEMENTS,
REAL AND TRULY
SINGULAR ADVENTURES
OF
SAMUEL SIMKINS, Esq.

F. R. S. & M. P.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS)

LIFE IS A JEST! GAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By PETER PARKINSON, Esq.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

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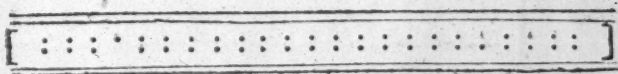
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P R O E M.

*THE following Work is attempted
somewhat in the Hogarthian stile, to shew
the exact representation of, —*

“ The world as it goes ;”

*At least the revolving sphere in which
the HERO is drawn, so that the*

A 2

scenes

scenes are in no wise curtailed of any part of the incidents, that are necessary in the performance, to render it our entire stock plot.

To flatter the reader with any thing new, or out of the common occurrences of life, would be flattery indeed! And such false doctrine, that so long ago as the days of King Solomon, there was then,

“Nothing new under the Sun.”

Therefore why should imposters deceive us now, with vague terms and artful devices, to pretend to things repugnant

P R O E M.

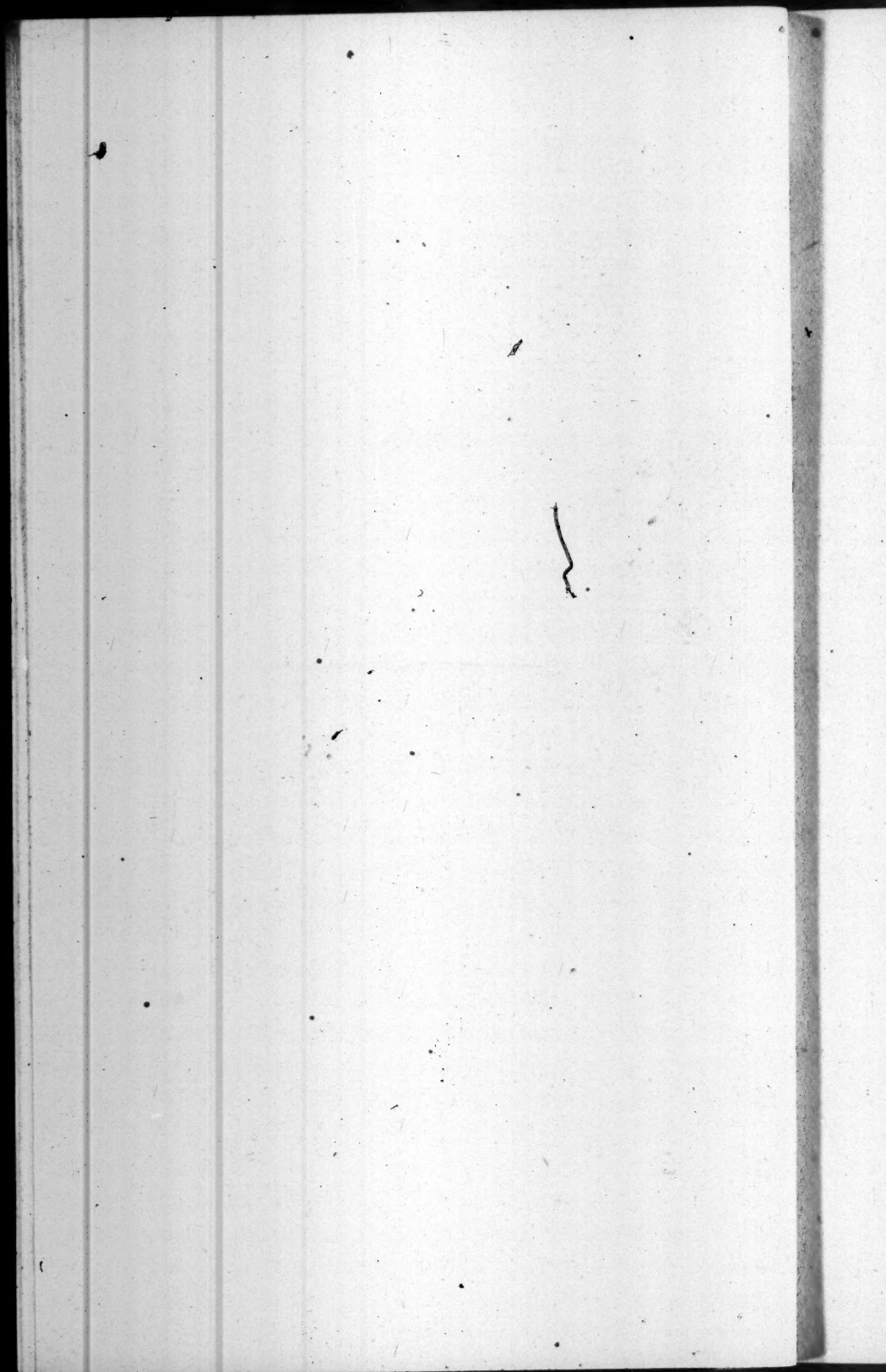
to the sacred Text? No it is not the design of this plan; but on the contrary to shew the reader a familiar character (a Schemer) that has neither said or did any thing, but what has happened a thousand times already—and will be repeated the same number, no doubt.

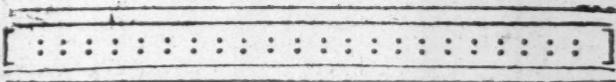
To speak of the following Work, as a performance of merit, is referred to the decision of the judicious and impartial reader.

— *Virtus vincet invidiam;*

Auctor pretiosa facit.

VIRG.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
SAMUEL SIMKINS, Esq;
F. R. S. & M. P.

CHAP. I.

The Original of the Hero, or Family Extraction—
without Atchievements, or a Reference to the
Herald's Office.

“I AM often at a loss (says Sam
Simkins to his mother) what to think my
father's plan was, when he ~~put~~ me into
the Blue-coat School?—For indeed the
little knowledge I have of classical authors

—philosophers—and mathematicians—with many other particulars, puts me quite out of temper, when I give myself the least recollection of my father's occupation—for, to me, the very name of a taylor is odious, and to have the mortifying reflection of being the son of a taylor, mars all my pleasant prospects,* which I view in the great scope of my imaginations,—or as the poet says,

“ *My mind's eye.*”

“ Pray my son, (says Mrs. Simkins,) what kind of nonsense is this to go on with—be a good boy, and return to your master, for as ~~you~~ dislike your father's trade so much, I hope you will be better satisfied with your own, which is a very genteel

genteel *bit* of bread for any poor man's child.—And as for your father's intentions, (poor man, I hope he is happy) they were to give you an advantage in the world, that he could not himself be a partaker of—for Joe Simkins, your father, was a very honest, sober, good christian, as any man in Stepney parish, but he was, without a word of learning in his head, yet he could make a bill of six or seven pound, as fast as a clerk in the bank could do, ay, that he could,—poor Joe !——I can't help crying for him.”

“ Now, mother, you shew your frailty—
can your tears bring him back again (replied Sam) ay, ay, mother, you can give
advice,

advice, but you can't take it,—thus to wet your handkerchief at the remembrance of a dead man!—for as sure as we are born we must die.”—

“ Very true child,” answered Mrs. Simkins, who dried her eyes, and putting her handkerchief in her pocket and, with a chearful smile, rejoined :—

“ Why Sam, you will rise to be a person of some reputation in your trade, if you give your mind to it,—for that is the only way to be master of your business ;—and let me tell you, many an alderman had a worse chance for his gown, at your age, than you seem to have, for as you are bound to a free-
man,

man, and that at the Hall, you have a good chance ;—be diligent, Sam, mind your business, and it will mind you ;—for one year in your younger days will give you more insight in your trade, than five when your attention is drawn off by the inclinations of manhood.”—

“ Indeed mother,” (answered Sam,) you say something every time you speak, I must own,—but the query is, whether that something is any thing ?—I mean any thing to the purpose,—for who in the name of wonder ever was raised from the situation of a journeyman book-binder, to be an Alderman of London !—therefore, mother,

in

in plain terms, I don't either like my trade or my master;—these are two grand objections—in the first place, the emoluments arising from it, when I should be out of my time, are too inconsiderable to support me like a gentleman.”

“A gentleman! (interrupted his mother) for goodness sake let nobody hear you talk such nonsense,—but be a good lad, you have a good master.”—

“That is all you know about him, (replied Sam) for I am confident, he is as far from being good, as from here to York;—for can he be good, when he spends four nights out of five, in haunting
ing

ing bad houses, and bastes my mistress the next day, if she upbraids him in the least for his bad conduct,—so if this be a good man, the Lord keep me from such good men!”—

“Amen, (answered Mrs. Simkins) for if he follows those courses, my dear child you have a bad example to be sure.”

“As to the example, (replied Sam) I shall take none of his ways for a pattern, nor of his advice for instruction,—for he swears to every three words, as a kind of confirmation, when to my certain knowledge he has been telling nothing

thing but lies :—therefore, to think I shall serve almost seven years to such a fellow,—no! I never will ;—nor shall all the persuasion in the world induce me to it,—for I am now seventeen years old, and have abilities enough to get my bread in a more genteel way than putting covers of musty skins upon books.”

“ Sam!—Sam! (rejoined his mother) you are on the wrong side of your reckoning, for as your poor father used to say,—

*“ A handfull of trade is worth a
handfull of gold.”*

—And

—And so it is,—for never think of any way in life, but where the certainty of a weekly income is not paid to you on Saturday night.—Oh ! the remembrance of your poor father's guinea and ninepence of a Saturday night ; ay, even that trade you despise, we enjoyed ourselves over a pot of beer and a hot supper, like a King and Queen.”——

“ Such enjoyment ! (answered Sam)—
—to be sure it might be answerable to narrow minds—but be assured, mother, I have a spirit far above any thing of that kind—for I hate every low way of a tradesman, I must be professional—therefore you may take my word for it, I shall give John
Skinner

Skinner the flip, unless you get my indenture of apprenticeship delivered up to me, that I may have another opportunity to make choice of an occupation."——

"No choices—(interrupted his master, who abruptly opened the door, having listened to the latter part of Sam's conversation.)—Come along with me, I will soon give you exercise to keep your thoughts from rambling, or your tongue from this loose cant."—On so saying, he gave Sam a smart box on the ear, which reeled him over against a broken chair, which falling horizontally, pitched Sam over it, when his head came right against a metal skillet, which was the only utensil of Mrs. Simkins

kins to cook victuals in, exclusive of a tea kettle and a butter saucepan—(for the Taylor and his wife, loved good eating and drinking better than a superfluity of lumbering furniture.) But, by the fall, the poor lad was sadly cut over one of his temples.

The appearance of the wound, which emitted a considerable quantity of blood, made the mother of Sam, exceedingly unhappy—and dreaded danger so much, that she flung up the sash, which was a good one, although in the attic story, and cried out,

“ Murder ! Murder ! ”

The

This melancholy shout brought up so many curious, as well as humane people, that the stair-case, from the first ascending step, to the door of Mrs. Simkins's room, was filled with men, women and children, for beside those, the apartment was filled with company on the same errand.

Mrs. Simkins accused Mr. Skinner, the bookbinder, with the horrible crime of murder, in the presence of witnesses, by alledging that he forcibly pushed her door, and no sooner had he gained admision, by such a method of rudeness, than he knocked down the boy—who was a spectacle to be seen.

The

The lad's present condition admitted of no delay, but, as a casualty, he was instantly carried away to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whilst poor Skinner, attended by a Constable, and a crowded assemblage of the mob, was conducted to Wood Street Compter.

C H A P. II.

Imprudence always Reprehensible.

NO sooner was Sam arrived at the hospital, than the House Surgeon attended and dressed the wound, which was pronounced to be no ways dangerous ;—how . ever no report would suffice to enlarge John Skinner, and as Mrs. Simkins found, to use her own words,——

“ That now was the time for to make the villain come down,”——

B 2

Meaning

Meaning to cause Skinner to comply with any terms to be enlarged, for the simple man was amused with a false report, that the lad was without hope of recovery, so that poor Skinner would give all he possessed in the world, which indeed was no great matters, except a small legacy of an hundred pounds, left by a friend, and the little premium he received with Sam :—All of which, collected together, was no more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and with this sum he tempted Mrs. Simkins to let him escape the sad spectacle of Surgeon's Hall.

The good woman being satisfied there was no danger of her son—and knowing
that

that a little money would be very serviceable just then, had the justice and humanity to compound with the prisoner for a moiety only, but by way of regularity, had the indentures cancelled by Sam's desire.

Thus having settled matters, by proper ways and means, the book binder was discharged from his cage, who finding he was duped, swore he would enforce the law, for redress—but as all was conducted by Mrs. Simkins in a regular manner, the Simpleton was obliged to sit down with his loss—and to blame his own imprudence for the consequences—
and

and as he had to thank the widow for taking but half of what was offered her, he soon forgave the trick, and acknowledged his error.

Sam being now released from a service that to him was equal to a state of bondage, he therefore by the comfortable reflections of his mind, to find himself not only free, but easy as to circumstance, that he was discharged from the hospital in a few days ; so efficacious is the ease of the mind to heal the diseases of the body, which was esteemed in him.

After

After a month's consideration, our hero advised with his mother what part he was to act on the theatre of life, for as he was now disengaged from every association and solely his own master, his reflection on idleness spurred up an active mind to form a project, what was most probable to furnish the unguentum sacrum to procure the necessaries of life.

In this cabinet council, a member was added to be privy to the design, a Mr. Waddell, who had been a Scotch Writer, something similar to an English Attorney, but through his good conduct in building too many churches, was constrained

strained to leave Edinburgh abruptly—this Mr. Waddell was a relation—a cousin german to Mrs. Simkins, for it was necessary to observe she was a North Briton;—gave in his verdict,—“That Sommy could na’ gang ’til a better geer than an attorney’s chambers”.—which after mature deliberation, it was concluded upon as the next step to preferment, and the high road to honor !

Thus the outlines were chalked out, and a gentleman of Gray’s Inn was prevailed on to take Sam into his office as a copying clerk—in which situation he continued for upwards of a year, without any thing unusual in his vocation.

One day as Sam was carrying half a dozen briefs to the council, of two or three causes of consequence, he was accosted by his intimate acquaintance, and old class fellow, Ned Yardwide, and as they were both lads, or in their own ideas, young men of spirit, resolved on having a pint of mulled wine together, for it was a cold day:—in order to this, they adjourned to a tavern in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane ; and having an inclination alike, extolled the wine, as salutary to exhilarate the spirits and nourish the fluids in the intense season, for they were both scholars and understood the rudiments of grammar, could
 construe

conftrue corderii and translate every one of the terminations in, UM and BUS—so that with a good share of front (for young men) neither party wanted for that polite accomplishment, *assurance*; having a plentitude so well applied, that men of double their years would be lost if they only possessed modesty with such equipt youths as those companions were.

The fumes of four successive pints made the lads talk loud, and throw off the yoke of servility, for an elevation of the animal spirits, through the assistance of strong waters, beget an offspring instantaneously

taneously in the production of Liberty and Property, which are two such excellent companions, that it is not to be wondered at, that so many eminent characters, female as well as male are votaries of Bacchus—for it is in the full bottle or tankard, that no deceit is found—which the tavern companions—Mr. Simkins and Mr. Yardwide, agreed upon to be orthodox.

Ned Yardwide having received, just before he met his friend, a sum of money for goods sold and delivered, which, with Sam's brief-money, together made an aggregate sum of four-score pounds,

so

so that they were not in a tavern without money, which they were now sensible of, and according to their present notion of things, considered masters to be such pitiful names, to bear rule over them, that both Ned and Sam were, of themselves, men superior to Mr. Muslin or Mr. Parchment—so that upon this regular and practicable construction, it was resolved and agreed upon, to lay out and expend every shilling they both possessed—disdaining the idle notion of reflecting on the consequences.

C H A P. III.

The Night's Frolic,

THE afternoon brought forth an abundance of mirth, so that, for the first time, the bucks dined at a tavern, the dinner being over, a further supply of decanted liquor was not wanting to exhilarate their spirits, in which they partook on equal terms—but were now inclined to change their converse, and by the assistance of Dick Sly, the waiter, a brace of beauties were added, to keep the gentlemen company !

The

The presence of the ladies had great influence on the boon companions, who never had before sufficient courage to attack in propria personæ the fair sex, as downright lovers, or at least in quality of such—but as—

*“Wine inspires us, and fires us, with
Courage—Love—and Joy.”*

There was none of those ingredients wanting to render this little assembly completely happy, for the ladies, who were hotelled previous, to this amour, to use a sea phrase,—

“Were

“ Were nearly half Seas over ”—

before they made their entry, so that they were—

“ All good-fellows, merry, and well met,”

if the phrase can be allowed to call the feminine gender, in such a case, fellow ; but as cavelling about nicety of expression is totally omitted, we shall proceed:—the ladies and gentlemen went to rest at an advanced hour, all in a mood of sacrifice to Bacchus, however the ladies, who were of more experience in this practice than the gentlemen, they were
 fatiated

fatiated with sleep sufficiently by daylight, to enable them to be in their most collected state, and to which purpose they applied their faculties with diligence and care, and as there were two beds in the room, which a lady and a gentleman occupied in each, Miss Brazén and Miss Snatchall dealt out their dexterity by signs and tokens—and collected from the fobs and pockets of Sam Simkins and Ned Yardwide every fous they possessed, including the time pieces, both having watches, and those of value too.

Having thus feathered themselves, the ladies decamped, leaving the adventurers

turers in the scenes of pleasure to finish their dreams and complete their slumbers, as each party seemed to indulge in very foundly.

About two hours before noon, or in plain terms at ten o'clock, the heroes awoke, divested of the haughty and consequential tone of voice, assumed on their uncasing themselves.

Sam first broke silence, by asking Ned if he knew where they were :—To this, the latter, in a weakly tone, replied he did not know, but conjectured, it was the house they had entered into the preceding day.

C

Upon

Upon their doubts, as to the place they occupied, they were quickly resolved by the waiter, who, at that juncture, entered the bed-chamber, and informed the gentlemen it was ten o'clock, and as the ladies had been gone two hours before that time, he judged it necessary to let them know the time of the day, and enquired if they pleased to order breakfast, to which the tavernors answered in the affirmative, and after some enquiries, as to the time they had been guests, the name of the house, and other particulars, the waiter was dismissed.

Now the high-flying young men came
to

to their coolest reflections of reason, and ruminating on the night's adventure, they agreed in the doctrine of error; and were both of opinion, that a speedy return to their respective masters was the only step they could take to retrieve their characters, and for which purpose they should conclude at breakfast, an apology of feasibility—and that they should leave their watches for the tavern bill, until a convenient opportunity should serve for their redemption, and concluded the proposition:—but to solve the problem, when the equation of the fluxion was produced, requires an abler pen, for it is to be doubted whether Archimedes,

Copernicus, or even Euclid could find the
solid contents of their pockets, sufficient
to answer a demand of nine pounds odd
shillings !— For,

*Two inexperienced youths led by vice,
Their characters lost—with virtue, in a
thrice ;—*

*Now bereft of means the sordid wretch to
pay,*

*Their persons are expos'd in open day ;—
The Compter finds its guests devoid of pence,
As were their heads, previously of sense.*

C H A P. IV.

Ways and Means.

MR S. Simkins having received a billet from her son, explanatory of his situation, with all the aggravating circumstances attending it, upon which the poor woman, as soon as she recovered from her surprize, paid a visit to Sam, whom she found busily employed with the prisoners, who were about to deprive him of part of his vesture, as he had no money to pay his garnish with ;

a phrase

a phrase technically applied as an entrance fee, on being admitted a member of the Society of the honorable corps of Freebooters—a ceremony that is strictly observed by the fraternity.

The fond parent was greatly affected on seeing the situation of her son, and shocked at the remembrance of the cause which brought him hither;—and in order to reprieve him from his rigid persecutors, she laid down a shilling, upon which the established members of the place, thanked her and retired.

As Sam and his companion, had not had their audience of the sitting Magistrate,

gistrate, the Keeper indulged them with the Debtors-side of the Compter, and which afforded Mrs. Simkins an opportunity to lecture her son on the impropriety of his conduct, by laying open the dangers he was exposed to, in betraying the trust, which his master had placed in his integrity ; and likewise, the punishment due to his crime of defrauding the Victualler of the amount of his bill, which she so lively pourtrayed, and oppositely enforced, that Sam, under a sense of his guilt, and the shame he had to expect in the scenes he was now engaged to perform in, drew tears from his eyes so plentifully, as moistened his handkerchief, which, in some measure, re-

laxed to the severity of Mrs. Simkins's strictures, and in a sort of sympathetic commiseration, mingled her pearly distillation with that of her son's, so that in the space of half an hour, the mother and son were upon terms of renewed love, and all faults forgiven by the tender parent, who, upon right of *so much grace*, (as she called it) in Sam's contrition, that she was prevailed upon to forego all scruples, and directly posted to the injured persons.

Upon her arrival at the tavern, where Sam and his companion had shewn such talents of modern refinement, the landlord, in a fullen and unrelenting tone, declared, that nothing short of the whole
amount

amount of his bill should induce him to forbear, from a rigorous prosecution against the swindling young dogs, as he was please to call them.

The severity of Mr. Guttlewell, the landlord, so disheartened the supplicating mother, that it was some time before she could refrain from tears, being a true woman, therefore had such tenderness of heart, and so easily affected, that she could, upon all occasions, from the baiting of a bull to the whining of a worried kitten, shed a fountain of water, which might be said to be a spontaneous spring from the moisture of her brain, and of course the present occasion was enough to increase the flood of
the

the chrystalizing fluid :—But after an indulgence of her moist inclinations, Mrs. Simkins set forward to Gray's Inn, and rapping with one melancholy sound of vibration, philosophically speaking, raising the knocker about four inches, and then leading it back again three of those inches, and giving the hammer one inch of power, it came in contact with the graviating body of suspension, at so easy a rate of compressing the particles of the circumambient fluid, that the organi timpani of the persons within the door, were not apprised of any individual being solicitous to enter the messuage of poring study, over the black characters of Institutes or Reports.

The

The good woman made another effort—
 but with the same success—and was about
 to depart, with the confirmed opinion—
 that no one was in Chambers—or if there
 were—they were certainly deaf :——For
 the ideas of the worthy matron were below
 mediocrity——she was much under the
 par of her usual acumen—when a gentle-
 man and a lady—or in other words
 —a man and his wife—knocked—dou-
 ble—treble—or as some amateurs in
 scientific knowledge stile it quadruple—a
 kind of integral motion in four divisions—
 which vibrating on the compressed air in
 meeting the anvil-stock, that Mr. Parch-
 ment's Clerks were three deep to open the
 door—by which Mrs. Simkins found out
 that

that a noise was the only method of rousing these officers of *justice* from their attentive studies, which, to be sure, the Profession requires close application, to produce such wonder-working webs—as the Courts at Westminster exemplify.

Mr. Parchment sat within, in a detached office—where he shone as a luminary—casting his rays around—which were formed of a multifarious collection—Bills, Answers, Decrees, Orders, Reports, Affidavits, Writs, with the &c's. of the Profession—and like an apothecary's shop, all the caverns of knowledge were labelled.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Scrapeall were ushered in by one of the writing footmen—or what are commonly called clerks—upon which the lacquey sat down to the desk again, to hit off the briefing of pleadings—which by the bye was a sort of technical phrase for prolixity—as the number of folios is the art and mystery of producing such bagfuls of papers, as are carried to Westminster-Hall.

Mr. Scrapeall being thus introduced, it will be satisfactory to the Reader to be acquainted with his business :—

Mr. Parchment desiring the lady and
gentleman

gentlemen to be seated—he sat down again himself—and raising his head with professional dignity—begged their business—The queries and responses were produced as follows :

“ Why, Sir, —— I am greatly injured
 { “ by a villain—to whom I have done the
 { “ greatest kindnesses.”

“ *But eaten Bread is soon forgotten,*”

“ as the saying is : ”——

“ Very true,” says Mrs. Scrapeall,——

“ Pray

“ Pray give me leave to tell the Story,”
says Scrapeall,—“ I know the contents
“ too well, to forget any part of it :”——

“ Not so well as I do,” says she :——

“ No—the criminal part, I don’t—but
“ it is too vile a story to particularize,
“ so I shall e’en throw out the substance
“ in a word or two :”——

“ God fend you could,” says the lady.

“ As for the matter of that,” says the
gentleman, “ the whole story is but a
“ word :”——

“ Aye,

“ Aye, and a deed too,” says the lady :——

“ I fee,” says Mr. Parchment, “ that
 “ neither of you are willing to impart the
 “ secret—I am really very busy——
 “ therefore cannot lose a moment——so if
 “ there is any doubtful—or ambiguous de-
 “ finitions—let my Clerk take down the
 “ heads.—Here Random—bring a sheet
 “ of paper.”

“ Yes, Sir,” cries Random.

“ Indeed, Sir,” says Mrs. Scrapeall, “ it
 “ is not in my power to open the business
 “ before

“ before your Clerk—therefore I beseech

“ you, Sir, to take the contents yourself—

“ for the whole———”

Here Random coming in delayed her speech.—When he was ordered to withdraw—she thus proceeded :—

“ —— What I was going to observe

“ was, — that —— the —— the —— whole

“ story is ——”

“ —— The Devil !” says the Lawyer,
and brushed by the unintelligent pair.

Mrs. Simkins having waited without in

D

the

the Clerks Office—and had just risen from her seat as Mr. Parchment entered the room.

Mr. Parchment, by innate principles, was not wanting in a disposition of doing those acts that are called philanthropic—but the narrow ideas of the Profession, had so warped his natural parts, that he knew the value of a single sheet of paper—and considered the advantages of a save-all.

Therefore it may be infered, that a loss of so many guineas as Sam Simkins had made free with, was a provisional covenant for his being angry on a recollection of the matter.

With

With a hand touched by a paralytic tremor, the parent of Sam delivered the briefs, and opened her mouth to make her report, with all the humility of a Bramin before the Magii of the Great Lamma,—when, alas ! the cause already mentioned introducing a crabbed humour—or as the vulgar express it—anger—Mr. Parchment upbraided her,—with,

“How dare you approach me with these things ?”—pointing to the briefs, that lay on the floor (which fell through fear of the one party, and the inattention of the other) “Where is the money that “I gave your Son ?”

D 2

“Oh !

“ Oh ! Sir ! I came to inform you of
“ the misfortune my unhappy son has
“ had——”

“ To lose my money,” says Parchment.

“ Yes—indeed Sir—that has been his
“ misfortune.”

“ How has the scoundrel made out this
“ errand—when he knew the Causes were
“ set down for hearing ?”——

“ As for that part, Sir, I can’t inform
“ you—but the seduction of bad people.”

“ Prostitutes

“ Prostitutes or the gambling table ?”

„ The first of these I believe, Sir.”

“ Where is the villain !”

“ In the Compter, Sir !”——

“ It is a pity he was not in Newgate.”

“ God blefs your *Honor*, I hope you
“ will have lenity, and take compassion
“ on him.”——

“ To get him hanged if I can——go
and tell him so.”

“ No, Sir !——For Heavens sake have
 “ pity on a wretch—that is already under
 “ the tortures of a wounded conscience.”

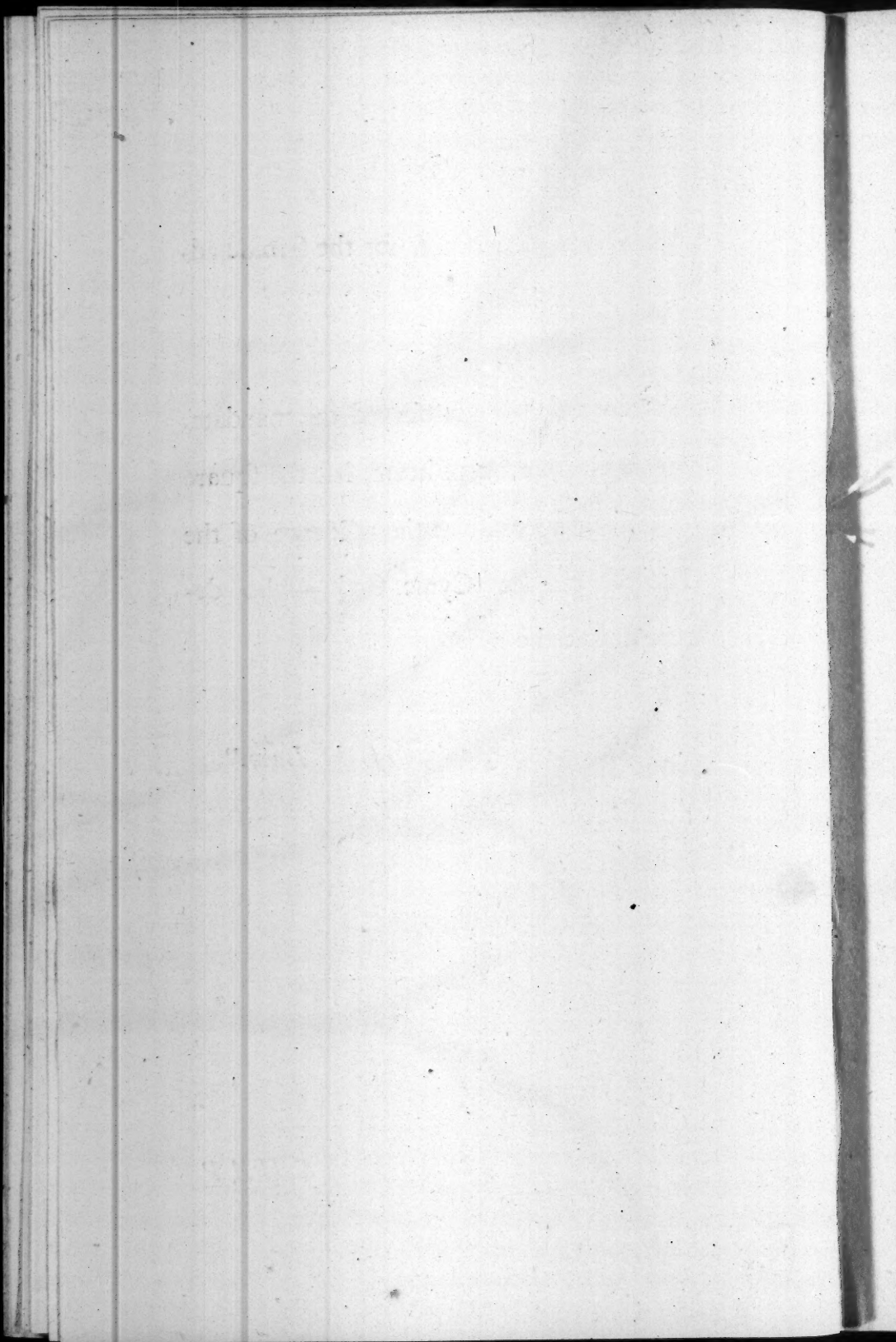
“ D——n his conscience—the young
 “ rascal——he shall suffer the utmost
 “ punishment the law can inflict——be
 “ gone and tell him so——nor presume to
 “ trouble me again in the behalf of a
 “ villain, that deserves the auditory of the
 “ Old Baily !”

“ It was in vain to remonstrate—Mr.
 Parchment was too resolute in his com-
 mands to be disobeyed—for his last words
 were uttered as he opened the door—
 which

which was a direction for the female advocate to withdraw.

The poor woman obeyed the mandate, and with a sorrowful heart, left the square of antient record, as the residence of the Diciples of the Cynic Code—who demonstrated the

“Glorious uncertainty of the Law.”



C H A P. V.

Of Buffle—though not of Business.

MR. Alderman Broomstick, sat on the Bench, to diffuse the currents of the floating vapour of the atmosphere, whose incumbent pressure caused a yielding in abatement—and by the elasticity in compression or delatation, or contraction and expansion—to accommodate the degrees of the orbit of the pericranium—that at sometimes the guilty were liberated and the innocent committed—for of so nice degrees
were

were the perceptive faculties of this setting Magistrate, that all the official business of his seat was directed by the disposition of a mutable temper—a quality very essential to his office; at least some of the Gotham representatives seem to lean to that doctrine.

In one of these humours was the Denizen of the Gown, as he sat in the aulic chain, when Sam and his companion were produced.

The officer produced the publican (Mr. Guttlewell) who had laid the charge against them—when, after a few minutes deliberation, his Worship “That they deserved,”
 —But stopping in his sentence—enquired
 what

what sort of a house Mr. Guttlewell kept—
 —who appeared himself in propria personæ—when lo ! several of the corps (*not diplomatique*) who perambulate the streets for lucubratant students in concupiscence, declared he (Mr. Guttlewell) kept an house of ill fame.—“ Enough”—said his worship—who instantly discharged the culprits—nor could Guttlewell in any sort obtain privilege to speak a word in his own behalf—but a memorandum was entered, “ That Guttlewell’s Licence should be “ suspended ! ”

How far Mr. Alderman Broomstick was to be commended for deciding on the part of two youths, who were certainly guilty,

we

we shall submit to the reader's better judgement—as we deny being competent to scan the abilities of the antient family of Broomsticks, who are in commission of the peace in several parts of his Majesty's dominions.

Sam Simkins and companion being thus at liberty, were, though certain of expulsion from their respective employments, yet elated twenty degrees above the fixed air of their late gloomy mansion.

A cordial to revive was voted and agreed to nemine contradicente ;—as the Meum et Tuum, or the Ungeuntum Sacrum to procure it was had from the bureau of
Mr.

Mr. Gripe, a good-natured pawnbroker, who never refused to lend five shillings on a pledge worth ten ;—so that these adventures had a friend at hand upon occasion, who, according to Act of Parliament, was protected to administer relief to the necessities of all his Majesty's (imprudent) subjects—but more especially to the wants of pickpockets and prostitutes, who always find an uncle, as they phrase it, (though a kindness for the the professors of this *laudable business*) in the keeper of the three golden Balls.

The next wine vaults that opportunely presented to their view, answered their purpose—for the name of a Tavern became
odious

odious to these gentlemen ; and as their heads were in motion to turn from the leaded counter of the hardware shop, Mrs. Simkins approached the spot, to replenish her spirits with a glass of comfort, commonly called gin.

When the good woman recognized in the gentry, her Son and Mr. Edward Yardwide, “ Good lack ! ” Exclaimed the matron, “ Is this my Son Sam ? ” And really would have endeavored to faint, if Sam had not timely administred a quarter measure full of the cordial (that he knew his mother liked) to her lips,—which potion had the desired effect—and the dame retrieved her wonted strength, and
in

in a raptuous query, made known her impatience to hear the story of the Guildhall examination:—By consent, the parties adjourned to the Cock in the Corner, where over a cool tankard of malt tea, the business was discussed—or in the language of a Noble Duke, in a Parliamentary debate :

“ The Cat was let out of Bag.”

And after a conversation of two hours, the mother and son parted with Mr. Yardwide—and returned to their residence in Grub Street (for they were citizens of London) and Yardwide went home to his friends—who we shall dismiss here, as he never has done any exploit, save the foregoing,

ing, worthy of being recorded—and we shall only remark, that as his friends were in easy circumstances, they reimbursed Mr. Musslin the loss Ned had sustained, as he had wisely kept from them the night's frolic, and laid his loss to the charge of Miss-fortune (an unluky jade, that has ruined a thousand young fellows) and under the sanction of an attack on his person, by which he lost the property of his master; the whole of the tale went off pretty tolerably, and Ned followed the avocations of his calling with assiduity ever since, if alive—but if dead, he has no occasion for it, agreeable to the doctrine of the celebrated Mr. Wesley.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

An opening to the Adventures of our Hero in the
Ratio of the Sefquitercian Order---from the
Unifen of the foregoing.

TH E greateft hero of antiquity has
had commencement to his career, other-
wife he would have atchieved nothing to
comment upon,—fo fays Urquahart in
his Effay on the heroifm of his favorite
Creichton:—and why Sam Simkins fhould
not have a flight of fteps in his firft Effay,
to mount above the level of the vulgar,

E

we

we shall not enquire ; but as faithful historians, give our Narrative agreeably to the business of each succeeding scene,—in reply to those who may be inclined to cavel about our method, we shall only say, that there is one way of doing things right,—and another way of doing things wrong ; so that if we are right—they must be wrong of course—et vice versa :——For discontent is an evil genius—that harbours in the breast of thousands of the natives of this Island, as well as of those of the Continents of the four divisions of the World : and indeed a very useful genius to assist the superintendants of the Commonwealth of Literature, else, how should business be found

found for the Grey Beards of the several Reviews?—Why 'tis as plain as the first proposition of Euclid, that all appearances, objects or subjects, though ever so inaccessible—yet by rules of Art, and real applications of Science, ways and means can be used to reduce this seeming difficulty to the certainly of truth, by the criterion of a regulated order.

It is strange to the conception of a man of genius, learning and a sound understanding, that so many flimsy vehicles of Romance, under fictitious Titles of Histories, Tales, Novels, Plays, &c. should find their way into the studies of the beau

monde, and the libraries of the most refined and elevated ranks of the fair sex,—but a due consideration of the premises will rectify that seeming inconsistency.

In the first place, these compositions, though ridiculous in many points of view, yet none of them is without its essential purpose to decry the reigning foibles of the times, and as it were a mirror to reflect the manners and fashions of the day.

It is true, many of them have a wrong construction in their formation, to answer the design of the author, yet a something can be reaped from it, that will hold up
opposite

opposite qualities of our nature, i. e. Virtue and Vice, in so conspicuous a light, as ultimately to confirm the reader, that the utility of such productions serve to strengthen the precepts of religion, as well as morality ;—for of this kind of composition, there is none of them without an application or moral, to rectify the conduct of human life, so that with the pleasures of entertainment there is a certainty of instruction, which is throwing the system of Ethics into so delightful and easy a channel, that none (who can read) need want advice in the most difficult labyrinths of a transitory state, so that on the whole, compositions that really resemble the living manners of the times, cannot fail to have

an influence on the reader,—for from subjects only, that come home to the heads and hearts of the refined part of the community, can any advice be conveyed—for many read such works, who very probably would not trouble the assemblies of the Devout on their stated meetings—nor receive the dictatorial admonition of the nearest friend, if the assumption of advice was pretended to—and indeed few are willing to acknowledge, that they stand in need of a counsellor, and throw out the appellation of a fool, or those who are weak enough to own their infirmities, hence this ostentatious self-love, precludes most people from an acknowledgement of their errors, which a
 piece

piece of this complexion brings home to the reader's own acknowledged propensity, and actual commission, the catastrophe deters him from further pursuit, and best characters create an emulous inclination to come within their descriptive distinction, and by degrees the erroneous libertine, or professed courtesan reforms from their evil habits, and at length become orderly members of Society—when only the characters drawn by the various writers on living manners, are the real reformers of people of this description, and other particulars relative to the inexperienced might be added, which we shall postpone until a further opportunity, and resume our hero's progress.

We have observed that Mr. Parchment was in the main a good man, but through habits of his profession, had imbibed the littleness known to be predominant, and the leading features of the professional characteristc; for the quicks and quibbles are become a national grievance, and really want the the Prussian pruning knife, to lop off the rotten branches, and exuberant suckers, and the decayed trunks to be levelled by the edge of the ax.

Sam wrote to this gentleman a pityful tale, wherein he layed his vena n in another province, although within the parish of Saint Andrew—which could be readily (in the law phraſe) removed to the parish of Saint

St. Mary Le-Bone, in the Ward of Cheap
 —but he held up the fatality of being un-
 fortunate, and in a handsome composition,
 which we shall call a letter, declared to his
 master, that he was robbed of the whole con-
 tents, which he had received from him for
 the purposes of paying the pleaders fees—
 with a great many remarks on unfortunate
 young fellows—loss of character—grief—
 trouble—and vexation—amends—if in his
 power—and a thousand other bits of squibs
 to kindle the sparks of humanity in his
 master's breast, to forego all future pro-
 secutions against him.

He might have spared himself the
 trouble of this elaborate epistle, which
 cost

cost Sam and his Mother a whole natural day to compose, besides a consumption of three replenished little bottles of something from the corner shop,—for Mr. Parchment declared he would not read a scrol of the disgraced clerk's writing—therefore to desist from addressing him further, as he wished never to see his face again,

This messuage was brought back by Mrs. Simkins to her son, who sat at his writing board, reading the 11th Chapter of Job—as he concluded patience to be essential under his present misfortunes, and with anxiety, notwithstanding the advice of the Sacred Volume that lay before him, expected his mother's return.

Upon

Upon the honest women's appearance, Sam grasped eagerly at the letter his mother held in her fingers—and without considering what the outward coat said, which the learned call a superscription, he read half the letter over, before the parent could convince him of his error, so eager was he to hear the contents of his late master's reply—but how chagrined was he, when the verbal answer was delivered?—for this auricular faculties were incapable to furnish him with the contents, until the words of it were repeated half dozen times—after which a council was held—and the business whereof, we think, will fully furnish the topic of the next chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Necessity the Mother of Invention.

THE question was put and carried, without a division—that Mr. Parchment would give up the cause as unworthy his attention——Æquam Servare Mentum, therefore a necessity of more wants than one called Sam to an active disposal of those talents, which were committed to his care—for his mother was in an exhausted state as her finances, having for two whole days, lived upon the savings of the preceding

ing

ing, week and found her son in some necessities out of it also.

After a variety of plans were proposed, and often rejected—one project, at length, presented itself—which received the concurring approbation of them both—namely, that Sam should enter into the ministry and commence itinerate preacher, without a diploma as a graduate or orders of a priest, and though he was young, yet he wanted not for a manly face, and required the barber once a week to stub the coppers on his lip and chin.

Whilst dinner was getting ready, the
public

public house afforded the newspaper, with the malt liquor ordered for liquid to the meal, when unluckily Sam clapped his eye on a advertisement, wherein several ladies and gentlemen were wanted to fill principal characters in Tragedy and Comedy, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market—upon which Sam, in ecstasy, made known the contents to his mother, and asked her best advice :

*“ Whether he was better suited for the
“ Stage or the Rostrum ? ”*

The poor industrious woman having all her life, held the ridiculous apish tricks of the mock heros and heroines of the boards

in the utmost contempt and abhorrence—desired him, for God's sake, to give over all thoughts of the Stage—unless he meant to break her heart, for she looked upon the whole profession of actors and actresses as so many vagrants, whose idle inclinations lead them to a dissipated life, therefore to give up a pursuit that would bring him into every species of extravagance and loose living.

Sam, in his turn, observed, that the profession he was about to enter into was equally, if not more, within the description of a vagrant, to commence and promulgate a doctrine of faith without works, except
the

the sums that should be paid to himself) with the nice and discriminating works of craft, to enhance the value of such excellent doctrine, that was held out to the weak and ignorant at so cheap a price—which condemned the established church as Heterodoxal Community, and abolished all the order of subordination—if such a code of false principled doctrine could be relished as the true principles of christianity, he was at a loss what sectary was nearest the true worship of the primitive church.

Mrs. Simkins was of the rigid principles of Mr. Whitfield, that Calling and Election were the two necessary points to have a hold on the kingdom which has no end,

F

where

where joy is in the fulness—and that to obtain these, the new birth was necessary, which could only be the offspring of faith, and when once produced, all the comforts of regeneration would follow, which gave the true convert sweet communion, and in a love feast, give a sincere taste of angelic communion and love.

By Mrs. Simkins' persuasion, Sam yielded up his pretensions to the stage for the present, and according to her precepts, the epithets of carnal minds could in no respect injure the cause of religion.

In the neighbourhood of Wood-street,
Cheapside

Cheapside, Sam made his first essay to preach up the doctrine of faith without works, agreeable to the tenets of methodism, and held forth for an hour and upwards with a tolerable grace, having a deep sonorous voice, with a full pathos, cadence, and modulation—careful of his emphasis—and strong and forcible, as well as nervous and copious in his imagery, so that he gave a subject of important concern, namely the salvation of souls, in a tolerable dress, and in some respects in logical divisions—which is a science little known to the major part of the Divellers, who exercise their talents, as the declamatory harangue is usually filed.

Many old ~~women~~, old maids old batchelors, and a few young ones, of each of these denominations—congratulated the condidate for canonization on his happy Call, and his excellent talents for preaching the Word in the fulness of the spirit, which could only be done by those who had the Call to the Vineyard, and were fed by the Manna of the new kingdom ; with a variety of such spiritualized expreffions of ridiculous application.

Whilst Sam was engaged in the spiritual warfare, and holding forth to a large congregation in a meeting house, in the neighbourhood of Monkwell-street in the
city,

city, the proprietor, who was formerly a coal heaver on the Thames, entered the coventicle, and hearing his favorite cant of reprobation inveighed against, which he divided the house, when a decided majority was apparently on the side of Sam, and almost all the ladies declared Mr. Simkins, spoke with authority, and not as the Scribes,*—and the house was filled with applause:—when the sermon was concluded, and Mrs. Bamfield requested Mr. Simkins to do her the honor of partaking of a turkey and chine the next day at three o'clock, her dinner hour, to

F 3

which

(* Alluding to the established Clergy, who write their discourse or sermons previous to preaching.

which Mr. Samuel Simkins in all the elegance of his new acquired profession, promised he would wait on the lady punctually at her time.

For Sam bore the ladies all due respect, and was no novice in the art of dissimulation, so far as appertained to the method of pleasing in conversation, for a man without compliment to the fair sex, is of all beings declaredly the most worthless—for as much as they are intitled to an adulatory praise to their charms, whether they are engaging or otherwise.

In Mrs. Bamfield's family there was not a male ; in a daughter, a niece, and two female

female servants, which was all her whole family consisted of.

Miss Bamfield was rather on the wrong side of a moydore—fallow, dark, and inclined to the title, if not the rank of a lady, very proud—prejudiced—peevish and impatient of restraint, having an independent fortune of several thousands, left in the funds by her father, who was deceased about two years.

Miss Charlotte Finch, the Niece of Mrs. Bamfield, a young lady (a minor) of extraordinary beauty and parts—an orphan—brought up by her aunt—but

under the sole controul of her cousin, who
treated her more like a slave than a person
so nearly allyed by the ties of kindred.



CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

The Visit.

O U R Hero did himself the honor of waiting on Mrs. Bamfield agreeably to his promise, when he was not a little surprized to find the house of that lady specious, roomy, and elegant, the furniture excellent and enough of it—to which was added a side-board well covered with a service, that would not disgrace a nobleman.

The

The ladies were dressed in an elegant though not showy habits—every thing shewed a face of opulence and decorum.

Dinner was soon served up in the best manner—and after the formality of grace, which was *gracefully* delivered by our hero, the company sat down, and in the several appetites sacrificed to the inclinations of their palates; and as authors seldom or never mention what is eat or drank by their company, we shall not notice any further on that head, than the dinner was very good—the appendages seasonable—and a glass of good wine was not wanting to compleat the meal.

About

About tea time two ladies, who were occasional visitants, were added to the party—that made the evening conversation very lively—as they were facetious, and not wanting in vivacity, and were acquainted through the medium of religious ceremonial only.

Mrs. Frail, one of those ladies, who passed for the widow of an East-India captain, was in reality kept by Mr. Alderman Noodle, on the moderate salary of five hundred per annum.—A practice not disallowed by any member of the worshipful companies, which compose the common council of the great city.

Mrs.

Mrs. Magpye was a lady of another stamp (the other religious visitant) she was not engaged in any criminal enter-course, but what she could justify by the dictates of an unburdened conscience.—For Sir Thomas Sapscull, one of the first characters in the kingdom, either in a literary or political view—and a Member of Parliament for one of the Cinque Ports, provided amply for this lady ; for the gratification only, of peeping at her through the tube of an optic reflector—to discern the minutiae of the transfusion of the pores of the body, and though singular to relate, yet is a favorite volition of many amateurs in the scientific parts of amorous dalliances, that justly deserves reprobation.

These

These ladies passed at Mrs. Bamfield's as persons of independant fortunes—that were of the communion of fairs !

We having just observed that Sir Thomas Sapscull, is an able advocate in the republic of the literati, of which he was a member, and a Fellow of both honorary societies—which we comprehend under the title of the first character in the literary world.

The name of the antient family of the Sapsculls, has been revered for a century past, as the patrons of science and learning, of which Sir Thomas was, though the
last,

last, yet not the least, in protecting the ingenious and rewarding the indefatigable, as many instances would prove—which we shall omit for the present, and only remark, that the Sapscull interest in the Cabinet, as well as in the Senate, has done great exploits to preserve the happiness and welfare of his Majesty's dominions.

So far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth, this family has been serviceable to both church and state, which it is to be hoped will remain as a bulwark for ages to come.

After tea, the ladies forming themselves into a devotional attitude, were about to
celebrate

celebrate the sacrifice of prayer, when a tall ill-looking fellow knocked at the door, and enquired, "If Samuel Simkins was there?"—to which he was answered in the affirmative, by an addition of—"The Reverend Mr. Simkins,"—No sooner had this voracious animal of pray been informed that Mr. Simkins was in the drawing-room, than he ran up, fans ceremonie, and rushing into the room, without any previous notice of tapping at the door, which so terrified the ladies, that it was the cause of almost making two of them miscarry, and so affright the rest, that the timely assistance of the smelling bottle only, restored them to their pristine faculties—

but

but the ladies, Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Magpye, shewed evident of signs of pregnancy by it—and were, with some difficulty, restored to their senses.—When all in the house were alarmed at the charge exhibited against the professor of the infallible sect of Methodists—for I blush to own to the fair reader, that it was for no less a crime than that of fornication, which had shewed itself by outward and visible signs, of an inward carnal state.

Miss Frances Midnight, a lady of some charms, who professes the art of diving, and occasionally admitting company at so much per head to an exhibition of certain
parts

parts and portions of a curious piece of mechanism, which was held in great estimation with the antients, and is still admired by the present age for its various virtues; and I hope I shall not surprize the reader, if I inform him, that this lady had virtue, though also a subject of vice; but to reconcile this with consistency, we shall only mention, that the virtue we speak of, were those of the exhibited piece of machinery, which was very well worth seeing, at the moderate price of one shilling per head, as several sober good men, masters of families, have declared; it was this lady that applied to certain gentlemen, called parish officers, who are of very useful members

G

to

to assist the public to pay their rents, by a liberal method of annual feast, and other schemes equally requisite, to spent the surplus of what might otherwise be applied to support those who are provided for at the expence of the public, which those worthy personages do all that in them lies to deter from being troublesome to the parish charity hospital, which the moderns call by the names of alms houses, or work houses—which truly deserve the names of houses of correction, as the indigent palmers and vagrants of age, infirmity, and infantile state daily experience—and which is rigorously kept in the diciplined exercise of parish severity, to the credit and reputation

putation of all those who fill the high offices of churchwardens and overseers :— therefore by a mandatory order of the gentlemen of this class, resident in a certain parish, Mr. Samuel Simkins was arrested in the most solemn hour of the performance of his duty—and in spite of all remonstrance was obliged to submit himself to be taken a prisoner, although the ladies offered to lay down the price of his shame, as they styled it—but as Mr. Simkins had a spark of honor, that is to say—pride—in the sight of the ladies—but more especially of Miss Charlotte Finch, whom he had eyed with peculiar pleasure, and gave her several glances, that bespoke absolving

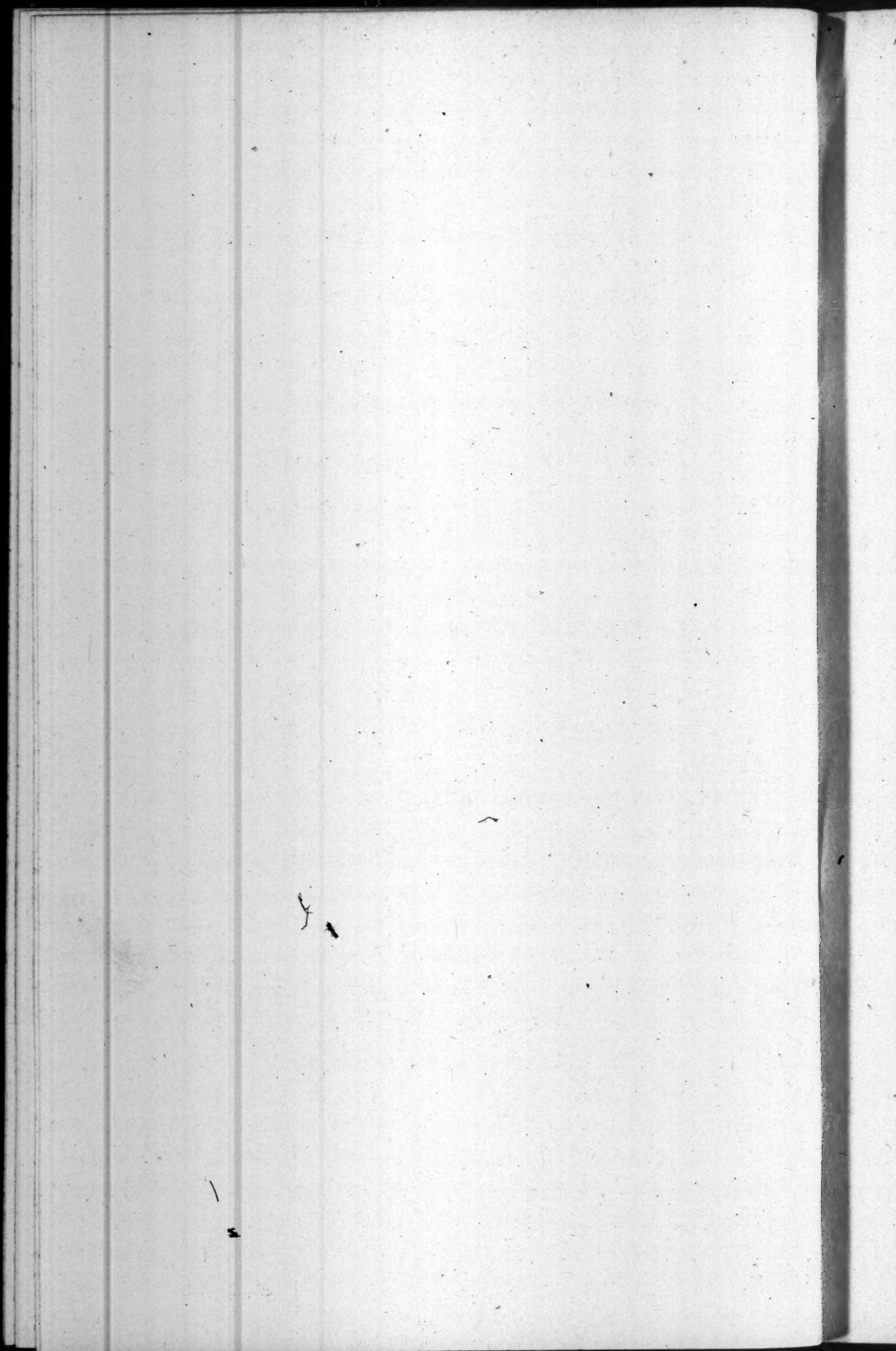
principles, so that she should find in him an agent of divine grace to loose on earth, whatever she required to have loosed in heaven—which to explain to those in a carnal state, we shall only define by a vulgar simile—that is to say—that there were evident signs of love, in the short time which the teacher of spirituals, and the pupil of regeneration had known each other,—and therefore evident signs of further acquaintance, which might be said to be on the tapis, when this unlucky circumstance knocked all future correspondence into a state of ambiguity,—yet none of the ladies were wanting in their endeavors to rescue the unfortunate divine—who pleaded not guilty—but to no effect.

Amongst

Amongst the most affected was Miss Finch, whose eyes bespoke her sorrow for the accident—and powerfully pleaded in behalf of the preacher—which was crown'd with success—by a general assent, that Mr. Simkins was NOT GUILTY.

V





C H A P. IX.

Official Intelligence.

PREJUDICE which is the ruler of mankind, as well as of all animal nature, had its all power-working influence here—for Mr. Simkins had become obnoxious to several of his former acquaintance, in the new professorship of religious doctrine;—and more especially to his female friends, who were now totally neglected.—Amongst the latter was the maid-servant of a jolly rosy gilled butcher,

who was in possession of all the tenderness due to his occupation, therefore a proper person to be intrusted with the care of the poor, for he was chosen an overseer of the parish he dwelt in—this gentleman—(for all the parish officers since the sixth year of Henry the VIIIth, are called gentlemen!) had made rather too free with *his maid*—which his spouse did not altogether like, as she was neglected in many respects, by such an exchange of familiarity, as actually had been practiced by the parties in question—The premises were readily adjusted—for had any outward appearances betrayed the intercourse, Simkins was carved out for the purpose to cover the stain of this respectable officer, and although

no opportunity served to revenge the neglect of Sam, who had been a reputed sweetheart of the butcher's maid, yet upon the condolence of her friend and former companion in occupation, Miss Midnight—it was, by the consent of the master, resolved to appoint him for the maintainance of the pregnant lady and her growing charge—so far had prejudice wrought within her breast, to work the overthrow of the new created divine, merely because he neglected his duty, as she considered it—in not paying his usual compliments—for jealousy—anger—envy—malice—hatred,—with many other epithets of malevolence may be comprehended under proper heads of prejudice.

It

It is *prejudice* that denys the minister a
longer continuance in his office.

The close fisted Squire, the purchase of
the Borough.

The Divine the vacant mitre.

The Lawyer the empty Bench.

The Statesman his wished for popu-
larity.

The elevated citizen the Order of Knight-
hood.—or

The

The turtle fed Alderman the ornaments
of branches to his forehead,

Thus are all ranks and degrees injured
in their pursuits by that one, and only
enemy to their (severally) succeeding,
namely—PREJUDICE.—To a free people
—as our constitution claims, we are rather
comially tricked by this phantom of liberty
—for she is the only goddess, or deity of
the PATRIOTS!

But to proceed, Mr. Simkins was upon
a scrutinizing examination discharged,
and the lady committed to the house of
correction.

What

What an incongruous animal is man ?
 How inconsistent in all his ways ?—Yet
 how elevated are the pursuits of this soaring
 animal ?—An instance will presently
 occur—which to simplify from the complex
 state of the case, we shall subjoin an epis-
 odeical chapter : therefore conclude the
 present, in order to prepare the reader's
 conceptive faculties for a scene of business,
 that shall shew the unlimited scope of ex-
 emplars—not only in historical fiction,
 but also for the grand system of romance.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

The Hero appears in a new Light;—and a character that some may be apt to censure.

“ I AM certain (says Mr. Simkins to his parent) that the profession I am now in the occupation of, is inconsistent with the divine plan, to propagate the doctrine of revealed religion.—The great and wise Being, to whom we are indebted for our creation, preservation, and above all, our redemption by his atoning Grace, has established his church on a different plan from

from that of the ridiculous novelty of modern innovators—who to claim a protection from the weak, ignorant and inexperienced, pretend to a new light, a revealed system—with a catalogue of vague, vain and inconsistent maxims, whereby the new method of spiritual worship is pretended to be grounded upon the basis of the New Jerusalem—with other tenets equally dangerous and enthusiastic—from which proceed all the heterodox opinions relative to the true worship of the deity—and which are answerable to the narrow limited prescription of illeterate pretender, to teach their deluded flock—that may well be compared to the scripture text—for in reality it is—

“ The

“ The Blind leading the Blind.”

For a set of men, who, through pride—idleness—or any other cause, leave their mechanical employments to become expounders of the Word of God!—Nay I am myself of an opinion, that the laws of the realm are remiss, in not providing a clause of exemplary punishment, for such a new-fangled sect—who are indeed dark lanterns notwithstanding their boasted light—for by experience, those who pretend to the election of sanctity, are found to be Wolves in the cloathing of Sheep, and are foremost, on all occasions, to inforce the law with rigour—notwithstanding their pretended

pretended principles of peace—they are one and all a set of cloaked hypocrites——

“ Who lead captive silly women, and devour up their living,”

As St. Paul expresses it—so that without Works they ride upon Faith, and pretend to an extravagant Hope ; and thus delude and deceive all those who are susceptible of their cunning in preferring a fanatic notion of Divine Inspiration, and to avoid the condemnation of such miscreants ; I am resolved to quit the non-commissioned office of an Imposter :”———

His

His mother could hold out no longer, but in a sorrowful tone remonstrated against his infidelity—apostacy—wallowing in the mire—with other scriptural phrases, that by their ill applications would not illumine the reader, if we were to take them down verbatim, therefore we omit the industrious efforts of Mrs. Simkins, whose partiality for methodism led to an uncharitable opinion of all other persuasions ;—hence the consequence of imbibing so dangerous a doctrine, that is equally as pernicious to the Christian Church, as Papist Tenets—for it may be questioned if papacy—judaism—mahometism—or even paganism, can be more

H estranged

estranged from the doctrine of truth, than the sectary in question—whose grand design is to pervert the order of divine worship, as is by law established in this country, and ultimately overturn all the formality, which the primitive professors have laid down as the ordinances of the Saviour of Mankind ; but, to the blessing of this generation, this sectary of disaffection and prejudiced notions is in a consumption—by which the decline shews the death of such a depraved doctrine is at hand, which should be heartily wished for by every well-wisher of mankind.

Sam was, by the conviction of his own
conscience,

conscience, convinced of the errors of his ways, and on the observations of an intelligent friend, who attended him in his late troublesome performance before the parish officers, he resolved to throw up his lucrative post, and seek another way of obtaining a livelihood, than that of breaking over the wall of the sheepfold, for the Deity, when in the likeness of sinful flesh, declared that all who did not enter in at the Strait Gate (which was himself) were to be accounted as thieves and robbers.—Yet in those days of pretended piety, to the scandal of our church, a cobbler, or a tinker can set up for a professorship, and receive every encouragement his most sanguine hopes point out, to deal out the Holy

Scriptures, according to the measure of his talents !——Thus the hammer—awl—vice—and anvil are laid-a-side, to make room for the bible and heterogential declamatory nonsense, that would disgrace the most pityful exhibition of a puppet shew !

Mrs. Bamfield, upon the intelligence of Mrs. Simkins, gave our hero an invitation to her house—when the whole artillery of the ladies was levelled at him, to enforce his pursuing the office, he had so successfully entered into, for his talents were approved—a phrase common amongst the brethren of this canting pretence to religion—and after a repetition of the benefits, that would
accrue

accrue to the outward, or exterior man, as well as the certainty of the welfare of the inward, or interior man in the world to come ; yet our hero remained inexorable—and to the disgrace of his function, (as the faints were wont to say) he let go the plough, and became a backslider :

“ As a dog to his vomit, or the sow to her wallowing in the mire.”

Our hero now became the general topic of conversation amongst all the brethren, and was held up—

“ As in travail under the buffetings of Satan,”——

And the conventicles were filled with prayers for his reformation—but with what effect, the kind reader will soon discover.

We have before observed, that Mr. Samuel Simkins was nearly engaging with a gentleman, who professedly takes pupils for the drama—not only the votaries to Thalia, but also to Melpomine—although Mr. Dibble (the name of this theatrical advertiser) can't pronounce a short sentence with a due cadence, pathos, emphasis or modulation, if out of the vulgar course of conversation—and to mend the matter, this gentleman (late a footman to the celebrated Momus of the Hay Market)

speaks

speaks his heroicks—with a nasal pronunciation, in some sort resembling the Laplanders Humgamion, and with a mock resemblance of action, that would mar all attempts of narration—and generally beggar all description—the motions are so autre and out of the road of life, that a bye-stander must conceive himself to hear the tenific bellowings of a bedlamite.

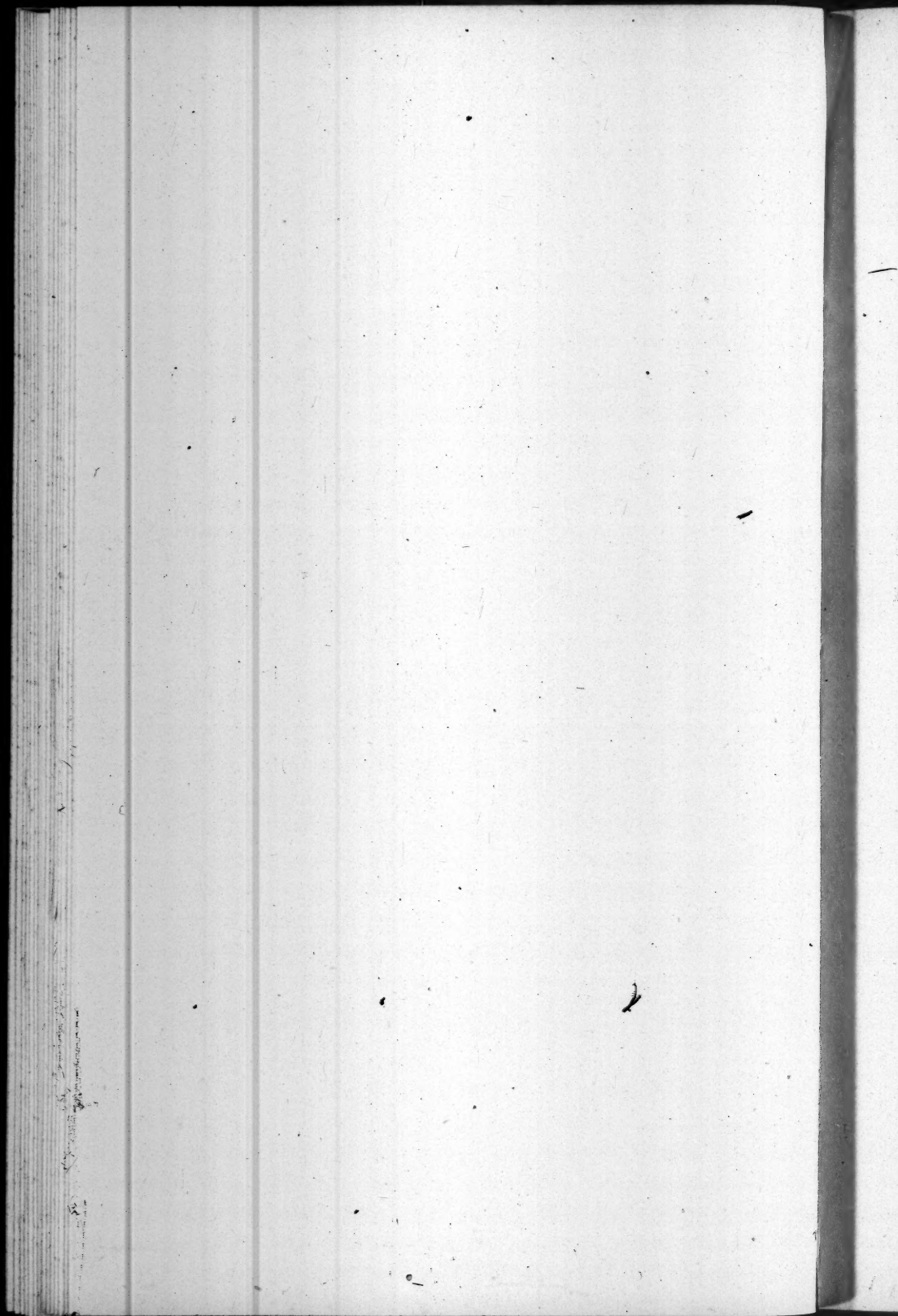
To grace the boards of the little manager's theatre, Mr. Simkins was engaged at a privileged night's performance, for the benefit of Mr. Dibble—when he was to fill the character of Hamlet,—when alas ! the other performers were so averse to present the characters that were cast as their parts,

parts, that nothing was performed with any degree of eclat—on the contrary the house seemed to be inhabited by furies, for the serpentine language of displeasure was distinctly heard from all quarters—so that the piece went off, according to the theatrical phrase, compleatly d——d ; or in other words, the actors fame deserved that epithet, so that Sam found the golden dream of a second Roscius, to be a dream indeed ! and repented of having attempted the task.

It now remained with him to appoint a course of life that might ensure him a livelihood, having, as yet, fixed upon nothing permanent ; to this he gave an ear of attention

tention to his mother, who was accessory to the disgrace of her son, having engaged a number of her neighbours to hiss, groan, and hoot the candidate for theatrical fame, so that to Mrs. Simkins, poor Sam owed the whole of his disgrace on the boards of the stage—for the fact was he had considerable abilities as a young performer, and would have shined (as the dramatic proverb is) in a professional study in either the Sock or the Buskin:—However the next chapter will shew the reader a further progress of this scheming Genius, whose scenes of life were carried on pantomimically—for there was but little time lost in succession.

CHAP.



C H A P. XI.

A further Progress—Sans peur.

“ J E dis du bien mal par tout de moi ?
fays Monsieur Du Mitand (a tall Parisian
whose imprudence is well known in the
literary world) to little Signor Capparelli,
the celebrated Italian Ballet Master——
“ *Tuum esio.* ”——Says the Master of the
Ceremonie le grand :—

“ You be de von villain ! ”——fays Cap-
parelli.—

“ You

“ You be grande inpostuur, de scoundrel ! ” — says Capparelli. —

D. M. — “ Vil you be de von lyar ! ”

Cap. — “ I vil be de supportur le truth ! ”

“ Hey day ! What’s all this about ! ”
says the the Master of the Cocoa, —

“ Here Richard — shew the gentry the door — the street will answer their purposes better than any house

The waiter obeyed his master — and the two foreigners found themselves in the street, a few minutes.

A croud

A croud furrounded the competitors, and in order to escape the salute en mobility, the contending parties adjourned to the Mole Warrant, near St. Pancras to decide the quarrel.

Amongst the number who were curious enough to follow them from the boxes of the chocolate-room was our hero, who arrived at the spot with the combatants.

Monfieur Du Mitand had le Rosier an *adventurier* from the reward of the gallies, where he had flip'd his chain—and was on all occasions the bravo of the pretended linguist. This modest Frenchman seconded his countryman, whilst Signor Capparelli, though

though furrounded by a multitude of buck, bloods, and sportsmen, yet none favoured the appearance of the sharp pointed instrument of le Rosier, so that the Italian was going to engage without a second, had not Mr. Simkins stepped up to him offered his service, which was politely accepted of by Capparelli.

Monfieur refused pistols—Capparelli insisted on them, the seconds interfered, when Mr. Simkins took the Pedagogue by the nose, for a freedom he had taken in calling him a rascal—and in an English fashion, to the satisfaction of all present, our hero caned the French gentry out of the field, joining

Joining his toe to their backsides, as they slid down the mould of the drain.

Thus the threatened storm between the foreigners was settled without bloodshed, merely through the spirited behaviour of Sam, who gave them a specimen of English courage, having given the refusal of a broadside to the two gallic heros—who politely declined engaging with the animated son of freedom.

From this period Sam became dear to Capparelli, and his interest was not wanting to serve his friend, which soon fell out accordingly.

An

An occasion, of some private nature, gave Mr. Taylor so great a dislike to Mr. H——y, the consequence was—H——y left the house.

Capparelli, who found Sam had abilities, and under his instruction he doubted not but he should be equal to H——y, paid his court to the manager—the answer was to his wish—and Mr. Simkins was engaged at the round sum of ten pounds a week.

The scene was changed, Sam exerted himself in this scheme and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations—and raised his fame in a few nights equal to the Phenomenon of Vestris Junior.

Fortune

Fortune having smiled on our hero for a whole season, he provided amply for his mother—and made a considerable saving of his salary to the amount of some hundreds.

Nothing material occurred this season—the close whereof was a fatal stroke—for the manager gave up his estate into the hands of trustees—and on this assignment, the house was closed until the creditors were satisfied.

On this secession our hero with the rest of the performers became unemployed, which drew the greater part of them to Bath,

I

amongst

amongst whom was Mr. Simkins, where we shall leave him, and return to the fair unfortunate Miss Finch, whose case requires the nicest investigation, to prove that relations are not always friends.

Many respectable families in London, whose original introduction into life have been through the medium of the work-houses, as also many right honourables who have filled the chair of the chief magistrate, whose spring of life have been from the charitable seminaries of the metropolis, so that poverty or the lowness of birth are not to be despised, for the meanness of originality is no disparagement to the character who endeavors, with a mind
fraught

fraught with integrity, (the only true technicality of honor) to arrive at the summit of all the exalted stations of human life, as the characters of this narrative may be said to fully illustrate.

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C H A P. XII.

The Test of Friendship—or Relations no Friends.

She, who on Relations,
For her Support depends,
Will surely meet Vexations—
And seldom find them Friends.

A N O N.

TH E charming Miss Finch soon after the affair of Mr. Simkins's arrest, was attacked by a dangerous illness, which for a considerable time baffled all the skill of the Faculty—but by the permission of

heaven afterwards recovered, though so debilitated, and infirm, that she could not exercise any services for the benefit of her aunt or her cousin—and the Faculty requested that she might be removed to the Continent to recover that health which seemed to be faded by the severity of her late disorder, which was settled in a chronical complaint of painful sensation in her limbs.

Miss Bamfield was far from being liberal—and by her persuasion—Mrs. Bamfield permitted her niece to pine under an excruciating malady, without any medicine to alleviate the growing evil, which every day added new strength to its progress, on the declining health of the young lady.

Mr.

Mr. Simkins was by no means indifferent in her eyes—he felt a like passion for her—and endeavored in vain to see the afflicted lady—as his secession precluded his access to that pious and honest family—if their conduct towards our present subject admits that title.

In vain did our hero use all his arts to convey a letter to her, for all such efforts were rigidly opposed by Miss Bamfield, who intercepted all literal addresses—and gave Simkins a formal hint to pay his devoirs to her own charms, if he would resume his former pious calling.

To

To this Simkins made no other reply than he was already engaged—which drew the resentment of a very formidable enemy on him, who, by his epistles, found he was finitten by Charlotte's charms, therefore took all the ways and means her cogitative faculties could devise, to remove this object of his adulatory hopes to a remote part of the kingdom, and for the purpose, had the lady transported to the Wilds of Llanworst, in Carnarvonshire, in North Wales, to board and lodge with a poor family there, whose coarse diet was the veryest produce of hard labour and servile industry.

In

In this lonely residence poor Charlotte passed a whole year—yet not without a great advantage on the one hand, although a considerable sufferer on the other.—Her health was fully restored—the air and goats whey adding not a little to the happy effects which she experienced.

Under this establishment she was not without her anxious cares—for she felt in the extreme a passion of love for our hero, nor did absence, coarse diet, or Welsh air wear off the remembrance of Mr. Simkins, for his address, air, and genteel deportment had made such impressions on her, as time could in nowise deface, or troubles eradicate.

Whilst

Whilst she remained without any other consolation, than that of Gaffer and Gammer Jones, with whom she lodged and boarded, the dairy folks of Mrs. Bamfield having a small estate in this part of the principality of Wales.

Gaffer and Gammer Jones were downright honest Britons,—and neither said or did any thing but what they thought warranted by truth, and from whom (these honest people) Miss Finch received the most unaffected and sincere tokens of friendship, and gave her a detail of all they had learned from their mistress (meaning Mrs. Bamfield) and that Miss Finch was to remain there for another year,

Miss

Miss Finch was contented under this dispensation,—but was totally at a loss to guess their meaning to deny their corresponding with her; but through the honesty of her friends, master Jones and his Dame, (they having opened the business to her) she found out that Mr. Simkins was the cause of her exile.

This news, so far from being displeasing to her, enlivened her hopes, that she, one day or other should behold him in whom her soul was delighted.

During this season, the Autumn approached before any ~~occurrence~~ of note
took

took place,—when a Wake was held at Glyn Gwyford, near the famous Bridge, built over an arm of the sea, by Inigo Jones,—which drew the swains and damsels from all the adjacent mountains to behold the gambols of this merry meeting.

Amongst the number were our friends Mr. Jones and his Dame with their Ward, whom they enticed to partake of the pleasures of the day, by alledging the beauty of the landscape, to be beyond description, grand and picturesque, which indeed is in some respects so,—but conveys with it awe and terror on beholding the frightful rocks, cliffs, and precipices, which are beyond all descrip-

description numerous, steep, and craggy;
 and resemble the Andees in America,
 from the rising of lofty towers, heads, and
 backs of mounts, that seem to breath only
 in the clouds.

The Lord of the Manor annually graced
 this rural scene with his presence, but being
 in the South of France for his health, his
 son, the young 'squire kept up the cere-
 mony in his stead, who was a wild youth,
 just returned from the University, and by
 some months under age.

This young gentleman, whose name was
 Gwyon,—eyed the charming Charlotte,
 with

with a desire to beguile her virtue;—and to this purpose he found means to intoxicate the guardians of this lady, and then by force, conveyed her to his father's seat at Castlegwyn, with an intent to reap all the joys of fruition, where we shall leave her, notwithstanding her surrounding dangers and difficulties, and postpone her history to the next volume.

About this time, Mr. Simkins had an engagement to go to the Irish Theatre, at Dublin, at an advanced salary,—but the singular adventures that attended this journey and voyage, we shall also defer to the continuation of our narrative, in the next volume;

volume ; and give the reader an opportunity of taking a night's refreshment a bed, for the most skilful of the faculty advise it to be not only wholesome, but absolutely necessary to preserve the health of the body as well as the solace of the soul.

Every one of us are no doubt fond of happiness, yet few of us consider our welfare—either spiritual or temporal,—which plainly shews that our corrupt nature is at variance with itself.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



